As well to see the vessell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance. *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold cure *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the gouernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blasoning pens;
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?
Enter 2 *Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, high seas, and houling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,

As hauing sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilla, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly heere.

Des. O but I feare:—how lost you company?

[*within*] *A saile, a saile.*

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellow ship: but harke, a saile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,